What if

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/23354488.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	trigger warning, major trigger warning, Self-Harm, Self-Hatred, Self-Esteem Issues, Self Confidence Issues, Self-Doubt, Trigger Warning: Cutting, Cutting, Depression, Angst, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Someone Help Will Graham, Tired Will, Tired Will Graham, Suicidal Will, Suicidal Will Graham, Will Graham is a Mess, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal is still manipulative, but he actually does it to PROTECT will, Manipulation, but in a positive way
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Vent Fics
Stats:	Published: 2020-03-28 Words: 988 Chapters: 1/1

What if

by the_link_dock

Summary

Will has poor coping skills and is sad

!! PLEASE DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE TRIGGERED BY SELF-HARM OR DEPRESSING THOUGHTS!!!!

seriously, this is going to be angsty and sad, idk if it'll get better

Notes

As of right now, this is a single chapter fic.

If i decide to continue, it'll be a separate story called What if Part Two

See the end of the work for more notes

Will didn’t cut himself for attention.

Or, maybe he did.

A part of him wanted the people around him to look at him and just *know* he wasn’t okay.

The other part couldn’t bare the thought of anyone knowing because then he’d half to stop.

He didn’t want to stop.

When his emotions got the best of him, when his anger was so encompassing he wanted to treat his house down, he’d take it out on his thighs.

At first.

His thighs became a grotesque canvas of his self destruction.

Pants made it unbearable and tolerable all at the same time. When he didn’t have the means to add me cuts, he’d take a walk and let the irritation of his thighs melt away his emotions.

Ok the other hand, he’d nearly collapsed in anguish multiple times at the fire he felt against his skin.

He moved to his upper arms.

He rarely wore short sleeves out of his house anyways, so he didn’t see a problem with it.

It worked better than his thighs.

His arms didn’t chafe against his shirt.

It *was* a minor issue if people grabbed him, or bumped into him, but he’d already made it clear he wasn’t a fan of physical contact. Or eye contact.

He was fine with being the resident weirdo if it meant no one got close enough to see his problems.

No one noticed his lack of self-preservation. At first, it made him sink further into depression and self-destruction, but now it was a comfort that if he did die, no one would be overly inconvenienced.

So, Will continued to cut, when he was feeling particularly violent, he’d cut at his ribs and hips to feel the sting when he slept.

It wasn’t until he’d passed out in his bathroom from blood loss that he thought he *might* have a problem.

He considered himself a logical man; he knew that self-harm was taboo, but he’d never gone too far.

It was the last case before he became a teacher full time. He immersed himself in the killer's mindset and lost himself to the darkness.

When he woke up, he was scared.

He was scared of what he was doing to himself and how far he would let it go if he didn't stop.

So he tried to quit.

He drank and smoked cigarettes, but nothing could ease his mind.

He missed the sting and the ache.

So he slipped, then he fell.

Back into old habits and into depression.

He would wake up wishing he hadn't.

He didn't look when he crossed the street. He didn't buckle his seatbelt when he drove (his car was old and didn't ding at you if you weren't buckled up). He swallowed more pills than necessary.

Not enough to die.

If there was one line Will wouldn't—*couldn't*—cross it was suicide.

Because that meant he let it beat him.

What 'it' was, Will wasn't sure but, he felt it in his head and chest and in his every waking moment.

The pronounced eye-bags were a testament to how little he actually slept.

He always woke up more exhausted than he went to bed, which was saying something.

When Jack Crawford asked for Will's help for a potential homicide case, Will tried to protest, but couldn't find the energy to do so for long.

He had to put himself in another killer's mind and he could already feel it weighing on his bones.

It felt like he was on a cliff. A hand was holding his to keep him from falling, but at the same time it pushed him closer to the edge. He was scared to fall.

A Dr. Lecter was called in to do a psychoanalysis. Will quickly figured out it wasn't the killer they were analysing.

Jack all but forced Will to go to therapy sessions. Though it was the last thing he wanted to do, arguing with Jack was taxing and draining. He found himself giving in quicker than he

normally would.

Will say across from Dr. Lecter in his therapy office.

Will was content with wasting the joy away in silence but within five minutes, the doctor shifted and rested his hand against the side of his face, with his arm propped on the side of the chair.

“So, Will. How long have you been self-harming?”

Will’s mind came to a halt and for a moment all he heard was static.

He plastered a cheap smile on his face a forced a robotic laugh, “What?”

Dr. Lecter didn’t sigh, but Will could tell he wanted to. “You are self-harming.”

Will gave his laugh again and looked down, ringing his hands together. “No, I’m not.”

He wanted the doctor to call him out and let it drop all at once.

“Will you show my your forearms?”

Will shifted uncomfortable, but knew that space was clean. He jerkily rolled up his flannel sleeves and showed the good doctor. “See? I’m fine.”

Lies.

The doctors’s eyes narrowed a fraction. “What about your arms?”

Will’s heart beat quickened. “I’m not taking my shirt off.”

The doctor tilted his head, “Because you think it’s inappropriate or you’re hiding something?”

Will stared at the man with wide eyes, “Are you joking!? You’re a psychiatrist, I barely know you! Why would I—!?”

Will cut himself off with a harsh breath and looked to the side as he rolled down his sleeves.

“So, we should get to know each other better?”

Will reared he head back, “No—“

“If the issue is that we’re strangers, it’s an easy fix. You should join me for dinner. Tomorrow, 6 o’clock.”

Will thought about arguing. He knew in the long run, it would be best if he said no. But Will was tired of putting on a “happy face” that wasn’t even happy.

He felt so miserable, he couldn’t see the harm in one stupid dinner. So he agreed.

End Notes

Please buckle you seatbelts

And look both ways when you cross the street

I have a tumblr now: the-link-dock, i'm gonna post hannibal fic ideas and short writings there.

If you want me to continue this idea, let me know!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!